

FILE DESCRIPTION

BUREAU FILE

SUBJECT Thomas Black

FILE NO. 65-59181

SECTION NO. ~~10~~

SERIALS 307 X EBF

NOTICE

THE BEST COPIES OBTAINABLE ARE INCLUDED IN THE REPRODUCTION OF THE FILE. PAGES INCLUDED THAT ARE BLURRED, LIGHT OR OTHERWISE DIFFICULT TO READ ARE THE RESULT OF THE CONDITION AND OR COLOR OF THE ORIGINALS PROVIDED. THESE ARE THE BEST COPIES AVAILABLE.

Date: 4-78
(month/year)

FBI/DOJ

FILE DESCRIPTION

BUREAU FILE

SUBJECT THOMAS L. BLACK

FILE NO. 65-59181

SECTION NO. ~~12~~

SERIALS 383 EBF

NOTICE

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VOLUME

VOLUME 12 serial

HEADQUARTERS FILES

REVIEWED BY

eat / eat

Pile Men

05-59181

12

Thomas L. Black

• Data

4/78
(month/year)

[illegible]

Black, Eric S

Black, Thomas S

7/25/63

Black, Thomas S

MF

65-59181

Reference provided by an R marked
with green pencil refers to fires &
explosions at the Schlegel Valley
terminal Black Tom, Jersey City,
N.J. on July 29 & 30, 1916. This was
alleged to be sabotage by German
agents & was called the Black Tom
explosions.

MF

65-59395

MF

65-61847

MF

65-59181-188

Photograph

DO NOT DESTROY

MF

65-59181-8

Photograph

DO NOT DESTROY

MF

65-59181-306X

Photograph and Biography

DO NOT DESTROY

J

San Francisco office

65-58061-681 P118

(Ltr. 12-10-31)

2
Correlation - Contd.

✓ (65-58068-267, C Sum. 7-12-50)

Lamphere's office

✓ (65-58068-397 encl p10 (Sum. 10-26-50)

~~105-22869-173~~

DESTROY

~~65-59126-1~~

DESTROY

MI I ✓ 65-59375-62

DESTROY

of not received mail file date 65-59181-807

~~65-59181-807~~

DESTROY

~~65-59191-166~~

DESTROY

of 65-59181-183 p. 11

~~65-60111-3~~

DESTROY

3
Correlation. Cont'd.

✓ ~~65-59395-57 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~65-59191-46 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~65-57464-35 DESTROY~~

✓ Linphers office
65-58068-1209

✓ ~~65-59181-182 p. 108
65-57775-50 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~65-59256-51 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~65-59699-9 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~65-59181-253 p. 112
SI 40-10785-7 enc p 29 DESTROY~~

7
Correlation - cont'd.

✓ ~~61-270-1077 encl p 52~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59746-67~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-61847-X 36(37)~~
~~65-58845-115~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59181-183 p 109~~
~~100-548543-30 p 11~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~Samper's office~~
~~65-58068-1179~~

✓ ~~65-59708-49~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~61-628953~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-60483-56~~ DESTROY

5
Correlation - cont'd.

✓ ~~SI 65-59181-316~~ DESTROY
~~65-59899-13~~

✓ ~~SI 65-59181-309 p1~~ DESTROY
~~100-87658-80~~

✓ ~~SI 65-61847-43 (36,73)~~ DESTROY
~~65-57134-90~~

✓ ~~SI 65-59181-309 p.1,2~~ DESTROY
~~100-84554-112~~

✓ ~~SI 65-59181-183 pg. 109, 110~~ DESTROY
~~61-897-159 p 5~~

✓ ~~SI 65-59947-57~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~SI 61-570-7080~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~SI 65-59085-87(17)~~ DESTROY
~~65-59085-86~~

Correlation - contd.

✓ ~~109-72422-25~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~MF I 65-59595-32~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~MF I 65-59575-45~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59191-22~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~61-3499-646~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~mf 65-59181-183 p 108
ST 100-355779-37 encl p-1, 13~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~mf 65-59181-183 p 10-142, 103, 120, 125
ST 65-59548-9~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~ST 65-59085-100 (10)
100-1556-55~~ DESTROY

Correlation - contd.

✓ I 100-342424-7 summary & photo Do not destroy

✓ SI ~~65-59181-316~~
~~65-59958-12~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 65-59191-136~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~SI 65-59181-325 P. 3, 4~~
~~65-60115-11~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~SI 65-59085-100 (10)~~
~~65-58915-44 and 45, 46~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~SI 65-59364-128~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~SI 65-59181-183 P. 119, 118~~
~~105-12737-33 + 105-12737-18 (30, 16)~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~SI 65-59111-325 P. 34~~
~~65-60115-9~~ DESTROY

Correlation Card

mf 65-59181-309 p1

~~DESTROY~~

mf 65-59181-183 p112

~~DESTROY~~

mf 65-59181-316

~~DESTROY~~

mf 65-59181-142, 143

~~DESTROY~~

65-59177-177

~~DESTROY~~

65-59225-36

~~DESTROY~~

65-59256-96

~~DESTROY~~

I 100-342424-7 summary & photo

do not destroy

9
Correlation - Cond.

✓ 1 ~~65-54442-290 encl p2 DESTROY~~

✓ 1 ~~65-59181-183 p 197, 138
65-59395-3 DESTROY~~

✓ 1 ~~100-36504-292 DESTROY~~

✓ 1 ~~116-349217-21 DESTROY~~

✓ 1 ~~100-356137-653 DESTROY~~

✓ 1 ~~mf 65-59181-183 p108
100-355949-77 DESTROY~~

✓ 1 ~~mf 65-59181-183 p110
65-58715-53 encl p 58 DESTROY~~

✓ 1 ~~65-59085-100(10)
65-58715-40 encl p 20 DESTROY~~

10
correlation - cont'd.

✓ ~~105-57395-26~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~105-59256-23~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~105-59450-6~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~105-59256-22~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~105-12737-4~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~105-59085-1000-12, 18~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~105-554755-18~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~105-60425-39~~ DESTROY

correlation - cont.

✓ ~~65-59480-4~~ DESTROY

✓ mp 65-59181-309 p1
~~65-101-5944-54~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59705-7~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-17248-257~~ DESTROY

65-59181
Copy placed in mp as serial 273X
~~65-59484-42~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59170-72~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~101-1785-60~~ DESTROY

✓ mp 65-59181-312
~~65-60090-90~~ DESTROY

Correlation - cont.

MF ✓ ~~65-61847-115~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-62018-2~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59334-91P27,31~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-744907-120~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-58805-1442~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-171884-70~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59199-8~~ DESTROY

13
Correlation - contd.

✓	65-59191-82	DESTROY
✓	65-59450-5	DESTROY
✓	I 65-59430-3	DESTROY
✓	I 65-59595-2	DESTROY
✓	101-1988-60(11) 55-101-1988-84	DESTROY
✓	105-12737-9(18) 51-105-12737-6	DESTROY
✓	65-59221-111	DESTROY
✓	65-59181-183 p. 137, 138 65-59315-16	DESTROY

Correlation - cont'd

✓ I ~~65-59495-7 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~65-59450-8 DESTROY~~

✓ I ~~100-389007-3 DESTROY~~

✓ I ~~65-59913-543 DESTROY~~

✓ I ~~65-59395-6 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~65-59518-22-23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~65-60405-39 (10)
51 65-60405-55 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~65-59330-19 DESTROY~~

my Atty worked mail filed above 65-59181-307

~~100-202355-60~~

~~DESTROY~~

~~100-59980-19~~

~~DESTROY~~

~~100-49083-115 (28)~~

~~100-115000-119~~

~~DESTROY~~

~~100-390-452~~

~~DESTROY~~

~~100-517472-6~~

~~DESTROY~~

~~my 65-59181-183 p.101~~

~~100-743-22-16~~

~~DESTROY~~

~~100-5550-3-6~~

~~DESTROY~~

~~my 65-59181-183 p.101~~

~~100-704080-4~~

~~DESTROY~~

16
Correlation - encl'd.

✓ ~~100-233552-11 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~165-59658-141 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~100-92242-26 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~165-59191-22 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~165-57781-57X DESTROY~~

✓ ~~100-177884-30 (41)
165-59199-33 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~165-5919-43 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~165-5919-41 DESTROY~~

Correlation - contd.

✓ ~~65-55083-87~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-100-307-553-95~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-57981-192(11)~~
~~65-57981-41~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59256-13~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-510649-44827~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59181-183 pgs 126, 138-142~~
~~65-59181-12~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59181-183 p. 135~~
~~65-59181-12~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59181-25~~ DESTROY

Office
8068-317

✓ ~~565-54171-171~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~190-769-5~~ DESTROY

mf 65-59181-183 pp. 112-115
✓ ~~51 100-579614-6~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-354755-25~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~105-12737-9~~ DESTROY

mf 65-59181-183 pp. 23, 24, 117, 118
✓ ~~51 105-12737-1~~ DESTROY

mf 65-59181-183 p. 108
✓ ~~51 100-357657-32~~ DESTROY

Correlation - Cont.

~~✓ 116-547212-9 DESTROY~~

~~✓ 65-59181-183 p. 137, 138~~

~~65-59595-1 DESTROY~~

~~✓ 100-363937-26 DESTROY~~

~~✓ 65-59370-4-100-363937-26 DESTROY~~

~~✓ 65-59447-713 DESTROY~~

~~✓ 65-59447-713 DESTROY~~

~~✓ 65-59622-11 DESTROY~~

~~✓ 65-58436-523 DESTROY~~

20
Correlation - cont.

✓ ~~5 65-59197-8 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~100-583686-16 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~5 65-59197-16 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~100-407718-1 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~100-565678-22 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~65-59256-72 p 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 14, 17, 20, 21, 22 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~mf 1. C. 7181-183 p 117
51 100-72889-283 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~100-597173-304 incl p 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87 DESTROY~~

21
Correlation - Conf'd.

65-59181-183 p. 110, 111
MFJ SI 65-61447-7 p. 17. DESTROY

mf 65-59181-183 p. 138-141
✓ SI 100-12222-21 DESTROY

✓ 116-549212-19 DESTROY

mf 65-59181-283 p. 112
✓ SI 100-376965-2 DESTROY

mf 65-59181-183 p. 1, 147, 177
✓ SI 121-463-16 DESTROY

✓ 65-59540-20 DESTROY

mf 65-59181-183 p. 112, 115
✓ SI 65-57713-269 DESTROY

✓ 116-349412-22 DESTROY

22
Correlation - contd.

✓	1	65-57177-135 p 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 15, 16	DESTROY
✓	31	65-59622-4 (26)	DESTROY
✓	31	65-59622-1	DESTROY
✓	✓	65-57449-667	DESTROY
✓	✓	65-59181-113 p 117, 118, 119	DESTROY
✓	✓	105-12737-3	DESTROY
✓	✓	100-365048-476 encls 25, 26, 33, 34, 38	DESTROY
✓	✓	100-365048-60	DESTROY
✓	✓	100-365048-101 encls 26	DESTROY
✓	✓	100-344210-35	DESTROY

23
Correlation - cont'd.

✓ ~~I 65-61666-1~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 100-55090-102~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-370679-14 (17, 62)~~
~~SI 100-370679-1~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 100-333854-7~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 65-59980-6~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 65-599449-545~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 65-599449-260~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 65-599449-259~~ DESTROY

Correlation - contd

✓ ~~65-52449-189 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~65-55449-259 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~65-59449-215 DESTROY~~

✓ SI mf ~~65-59181-183 p 41
65-57449-520 p 31 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~65-57449-228 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~mf 65-59181-183 p 136
SI 100-177644-65 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~65-57913-965 p 5, 12, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 30 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~mf 65-59181-183 p 112
SI 100-379114-29 DESTROY~~

25
Correlation - Conf'd.

✓ ~~65-57449-258~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 65-57449-115~~ DESTROY

NR 61-7341-11-206 Born 1893, 3-15-50 INO, Youngstown, Ohio

✓ ~~I 116-25744-4~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 100-72222-19~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~SI 100-36615-3-24~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59622-4(26)~~
~~65-57430-1~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 100-366546-16 p 27~~ DESTROY

Correlation - Cent.

✓ ~~5-100-72222-9~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 65-59234-87~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~Lamphere's office~~
~~65-58068-449 encl pb~~

✓ ~~MF I 65-59395-12~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 65-59622-9~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~MF I 65-59395-42~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 65-59480-14~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 65-599450-30 p 14~~ DESTROY

27
Correlation - Col. D.

✓ ~~65-59191-26~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-58236-539~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-363937-29 (27)~~
~~SI 100-366125-28~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 100-363937-29~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59181-183 P. 137, 138~~
✓ ~~SI 65-59495-44~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 65-59447-688~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~SI 65-59181-183 P. 112~~
~~SI 105-12737-26~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59191-29~~ DESTROY

28
Correlation - contd.

✓ ~~65-59199-9~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-58909-26~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-385686-13~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-577909-6~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~61-8695-131~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59171-12~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-57343-1~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-47083-775~~ DESTROY

29
Correlation - cont'd.

✓ ~~65-59234-115~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~mf 65-59181-183 p. 116~~
~~SI 65-59542-1~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~mf 65-59181-183 p. 101~~
~~SI 65-59542-1~~ DESTROY

MF I ✓ ~~65-59495-60~~ DESTROY

MF ✓ ~~65-61847-11~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59545-1~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-57857-120~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59450-11~~ DESTROY

Correlation - Qtd.

✓

~~65-55256-29 DESTROY~~

✓

~~65-58805-1999 DESTROY~~

✓

~~100-5-2-58-73 DESTROY~~

✓

SI 15-59181-183 P 137, 138
~~65-57375-66 DESTROY~~

✓

~~65-55256-58 DESTROY~~

✓

~~105-127-7-18 DESTROY~~

✓

~~65-62946-4 DESTROY~~

✓

~~65-59540-8 DESTROY~~

Correlation - Conf. d.

SI	65-5985-3	DESTROY
✓ I	65-5985-13	DESTROY
MP I	65-59375-11	DESTROY
✓ SI	105-12737-9 (18) 105-12737-8	DESTROY
✓	100-694500-2	DESTROY
MFJ	65-61847-258	DESTROY
✓ I	65-59121-7	DESTROY
✓ SI	mf 65-59181-183 pp. 147, 148, 177 65-59181-183	DESTROY

Correlation - cont'd.

✓ ~~65-591254-10, 5, 41, 42, 53~~ DESTROY

MF I ✓ ~~65-591545-10~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59181-183 p. 137, 138~~
 MKS I P. ~~65-591545-5~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-591480-3~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59191-4~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59170-51~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59199-6~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59191-153 (22, 26)~~
 S ~~65-59191-153~~ DESTROY

Correlation - Cont'd.

✓ SI 65-59181-77 and 183 page 142-146
~~65-59913-83~~ ~~65-59913-83~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59913-83~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59334-65~~ DESTROY

SI ~~65-59181-284 p3~~
~~65-55961-58~~ DESTROY

MF I ~~65-59575-8~~ DESTROY

✓ I ~~65-59447-715~~ DESTROY

✓ SI ~~65-59981-29(34)~~
~~65-37781-35~~ DESTROY

✓ I ~~65-59468-3~~ DESTROY

34
Correlation - Cont'd.

✓ ~~100-365040-289~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-594262~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-07083-99~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-365040-272~~ DESTROY

✓ I ~~65-59981-29~~ DESTROY

✓ I ~~65-59997-703~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59634-90~~ DESTROY

✓ I ~~65-57449-114~~ DESTROY

Correlation - Cont'd.

mf 65-59181-134

SI 65-59340-1 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000

DESTROY

mf 65-59181-158

SI 65-59426-1

DESTROY

SI 65-59480-11

DESTROY

mf 65-57395-74

DESTROY

SI 65-59426-1

DESTROY

SI 65-59426-1

DESTROY

copy placed in mf 65-59181 atore 179

DESTROY

SI 65-59426-1

DESTROY

Correlation - Contd.

✓ I	64-57449-360	DESTROY
✓ I	65-57449-119	DESTROY
✓ I	65-57449-1614	DESTROY
✓	65-56442-92	DESTROY
✓	14-365040-226 (22, 33, 63)	
✓	65-565040-171, 175, 25, 26, 47, 76	DESTROY
✓	65-565040-140	DESTROY
✓	65-502553-558	DESTROY
MF ✓	65-61844-45	DESTROY

Correlation - Cont'd.

MF ✓ ~~65-61849-X25~~ DESTROY

MF ✓ ~~65-59181-183p.110,112~~
~~65-61847-X22~~ DESTROY

MF ✓ ~~65-61847-X32~~ DESTROY

MF ✓ ~~65-61847-X29~~ DESTROY

MF ✓ ~~65-61849-X26~~ DESTROY

MF ✓ ~~65-61847-X19~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59242-694~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-302355-3581~~ DESTROY

Correlation - cont.

✓ MF 65-59181-183 p. 149
 ✓ SI ~~100-362355-15X~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59239-37~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59239-29~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59191-23~~ DESTROY

MF ✓ ~~65-61847-27X~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59234-50~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59234-87 (2975)~~
 ✓ SI ~~65-59256-4~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-365040-743~~ DESTROY

Correlation - Cont'd.

✓ I ~~65-59234-55~~ DESTROY

✓ I ~~65-59249-58~~ DESTROY

✓ not entered, filed alone mf
~~51 100-10-58-137~~ DESTROY

✓ I mf 65-59181-193 p. 115
~~65-59213-453~~ DESTROY

✓ I ~~65-59297-376~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59236-21~~ DESTROY

✓ mf 65-59181-119+134
~~51 65-59340-6~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59234-10~~ DESTROY

40
Correlation Cont B

✓ ~~I~~ ~~65-57447-592 pt 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I~~ ~~65-57447-726~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I~~ ~~65-59480-2~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I~~ ~~Lampher's office~~
~~65-58068-263~~

MF ✓ ~~I~~ ~~65-67847-48~~ DESTROY

MF ✓ ~~I~~ ~~65-67847-X13~~ DESTROY

MF ✓ ~~I~~ ~~65-67847-X11~~ DESTROY

MF ✓ ~~I~~ ~~65-67847-49~~ DESTROY

Correlation - cont'd.

MF ✓ ~~65-61847-x6~~ DESTROY

MF ✓ ~~65-61847-x7~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59480-11~~ DESTROY

✓ MF 65-59181-183 p.112
~~65-59947-14~~ DESTROY

MF ✓ ~~65-61847-x5~~ DESTROY

MF ✓ 65-59181-183 p.110
~~65-61847-x2~~ DESTROY

MF ✓ ~~65-61847-x1~~ DESTROY

✓ 65-59181-183 p.110
MF ✓ ~~65-61847-x~~ DESTROY

correlation - cont.

✓ ~~65-59181-183 pgs. 125, 176~~
~~65-59234-10~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59234-11~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59234-10~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59181-32 p. 1~~
~~65-59234-29~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59234-31~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59234-32~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59234-203~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59234-18 pgs. 1, 2, 6, 13, 14, 16, 17, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61~~ DESTROY

43
Correlation - cont.

✓ ~~65-59236-3~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59236-2~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 100 65-59236-103 p1, 28, 29, 30, 31~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~SI 65-59447-485~~ DESTROY
mf networked mail 65-59181-51
JL above

✓ ~~65-59183-228~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~SI 65-59234-3~~ DESTROY
mf 65-59181-32 p1

✓ ~~SI 65-59447-386~~ DESTROY
65-59181-183 p49

✓ ~~I 65-59449-098 p2, 3, 4, 5, 21, 24, 27~~ DESTROY

Correlation - cont.

✓ SI ~~mf 65-59181-183 p 137, 138~~
~~65-59395-27~~ DESTROY

✓ SI ~~mf 65-59181-309 p 1~~
~~101-3224-49~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-60983-1~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~San Francisco Office - June mail~~
~~65-59256-68 encl p 7~~

✓ ~~65-59191-45~~ DESTROY

MF I ~~65-59375-47~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59191-119~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59191-82~~ DESTROY

Correlation - C.I.D.

✓ ~~65-553370-185~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-553375-19~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59191-28~~ DESTROY

R 26-144983-8⁵¹ Private in Marine Corp, Paris Island, S.C.
1172276, ex - cab driver

✓ ~~65-59480-12~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59480-16~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59480-804~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59480-10~~ DESTROY

Correlation - cont'd.

✓ I ~~65-57449-202~~ DESTROY

✓ mf 65-59181-183 pgs. 142, 143, 144, 145
~~SI 65-59340-21~~ DESTROY

✓ mf 65-59181-183 p. 150
~~SI 100-367004-1~~ DESTROY

✓ mf 65-59181-183 p. 151
~~SI 116-294060-7~~ DESTROY

MF I ~~65-59575-20~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~SI 103-21928-6~~ DESTROY

✓ Confidential File
~~100-384-585-1563 pgs. 71, 74~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-61149-9~~ DESTROY

Correlation - Cont'd.

ME ~~I 65-59395-57~~ DESTROY

ME ~~I 65-59395-58~~ DESTROY

✓ MF 65-59181-183 p. 11 ✓
~~SI 100-1556-89~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~X 100-177864-50 p. 8, 9~~ DESTROY

Black, Thomas

NR ~~X~~ 116-372169 ~~white~~ born 8-19-17

Mossblown, Ayrshire, ~~Scotland~~
 Scotland

NR ~~X~~ 25-156289 Born 5-10-04 Brighton, Ala. '43 In Oregon State
 Penitentiary

NR ~~X~~ 2A-66399 true name Thomas George Black
 born 5-21-24, Maul, Oklahoma

48
Correlation - cont'd.

NR ✓ 52-22747 Sailor on British ship SS Sambo
in 1943

✓ 87-18726 name used by check pass - Baltimore '52

NR ✓ 47-6423 true name William Earle Towne

NR ✓ 26-20131 ~~ab~~ true name Richard Johnson

✓ NR 62-32646-49 '35-1205 18th St., Harrisburg, Pa.
garage owner

NR ✓ 25-377690 Negro, born 3-8-33 at
Pelion, South Carolina

MF ✓ 65-59181

NR ✓ 31-4964 approx 30 yrs old in 1923

Correlation - Cont'd.

NR ✓ 31-13998 alias of John Black, Tallapoosa
Georgia & Inmate 1925

NR ✓ 6-20131 true name Richard Johnson

NR ✓ 31-63312 Negro, born 2-17-04
Savannah, Georgia
lived Buffalo, N. Y.; arrested Johnson, same PD

NR ✓ 26-182823 true name Chalmers Robert Black
Negro, born 5-16-26 at
Pittsburgh, Penna.

✓ 9-25661-9 '54 - 15 yrs. old, Detroit, Mich.

SI ✓ 65-59181-183 p. 115, 140
~~65-57981-348~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59181-183~~ DESTROY

✓ 8-18-43 operated a store
R 100-135-9-74 at 2737 South La Salle St., Chicago

30
Correlation - cont.

~~66-2542-3-9-366~~

~~66-2542-3-9-386~~

b7d

43-'45-

2713 South La Salle St, Chicago

Born 8-11-95 Crystal Springs,

Miss., Negro, Wife - Louise
Operated grocery store at
same address above

~~66-2542-3-9-410~~

~~66-2542-3-9-428~~

~~66-2542-3-9-1478~~

mp 65-59181-183 p. 101, 106, 108

~~SS 65-59234-130~~ DETROIT

~~100-135-9-18 10-2-42 Operated store at 2713 So. La Salle St, Chicago~~

~~26-89655-4 '46 Thomas R. Black, Bristoe, R. I.~~

Correlation - cont'd.

✓ ~~100-378654-119 DESTROY~~

X NR 44-2648-44 p 72 44 Adamsville, Ala.

NR 62-21531-8803 44 Deputy Sheriff, Coalville, W. Va.

NR In crew of S.S. Ocean Tugger on
98-5552-10 3-21-42

NR 26-89655-6 46 Thomas R. Black, Bristol, R.I.

X NR 62-96921-1 45 Detroit, Mich.

✓ ~~100-58964-50 DESTROY~~

✓ X Memphis office
65-58068-510

Correlation - cont'd.

• **1991** – 1992

NY 61-7559-10595 p82 ³⁹ 20-29 41st St. H. J. Jones, N.Y.

Sanpler's office
65-58068-681p103

RECEIVED

RECEIVED

• **میترونیس** - میتره

DISCUSSION

62-77787-4315 encl p 116 '51 Employee on
United Nations staff

Correlation - cont'd.

✓ RE 62-77787-4189 encl p 211 Iriguard in Security
Section at VN building

NF ✓ ~~65-64649-211~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~inf 65-59181-183 p 148~~
SD ~~105-14629-14~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~T 100 42083 59 p 16~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~D 65-57256-22~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59256-23~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59256-24~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59256-25~~ DESTROY

54
Correlation - cont'd.

✓ ~~65-59256-3~~ DESTROY

65-59239-82 (32)

✓ ~~65-59256-8~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59256-19~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~name used by check passer in Baltimore '52~~
N 87-18726-36 p 12, 15

✓ ~~100-326-43 - 4 p 3-8 '45: Vice Pres. of Duluth Industrial Union Council Political Action Committee Duluth, Minn.~~

✓ ~~100-326-43-5~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-326-43-490~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-326-43-102~~ DESTROY

Correlations C.D. d.

~~✓ 65-59256-72 pg 6, 7, 8, 10, 14, 16, 17, 21, 22 DESTROY~~

~~✓ not recorded in mail file above~~

~~✓ 100-10-58-131 11-6-11-11-212 DESTROY~~

~~✓ MF I 65-59275-75 DESTROY~~

~~✓ 100-33049-43-18 1-20-43 Phila. Ind. Industrial Union
Council, Political Action Committee,
Philadelphia, Penn.~~

~~✓ 21-4-441767 Born 10-8-15~~

~~✓ 98-2366-389 '42 - Negro in Johnston, Pa.~~

~~✓ 31-44733-92 '41 - 398, 7th St., Reading, Pa.~~

~~✓ 35-2167-1 49-2730 Mascherdt, Phila., 46 yrs old
Civilian storekeeper, US Marine Quartermaster Corp~~

Correlation - Ont. d.

~~MC 91-182-800 true name of Perry Rice, Windsor, I.D. PD 676~~
~~13 dth not known~~

~~MC 7-1820-8460 6-8-37 - No. 1379 Wash. State Reformatory~~

~~MC 31-49511-1 '37 Buffalo, Ny, FBI # 1162647~~

~~MC 2-14749-691 '38 Boston, Mass., Negro~~

✓ I ~~65-59034-18 p1, 2, 4, 13, 14, 15, 17, 23, 24, 25, 26, 2~~
~~28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43~~
~~50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 61~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~101-1788-37~~ DESTROY

✓ I ~~65-57497-503~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-57234-43~~ DESTROY

Correlation - 11.

✓ ~~100-365040-62~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-37256-2~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-349080-97~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-353390-112~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-365040-286~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-365040-112~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-37256-107~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-60405-39(10)~~
~~100-177884-94~~ DESTROY

59
Correlation - cont'd.

✓ ~~100-177884-70 DESTROY~~

Tom

NR 70-13320 Indian, Mojave Indian Reservation,
Parker, Arizona in 1947

R 25-156289 Born 5-10-04 Brighton, Ala., '43 In Oregon State Penitentiary

NR 65-47879 alias of Thomas Rogers Le Noir

R 14-1791 Born 3-18-03 McWorter, Ky., SS# 46-12-9281
'43 farmer, wife Sally

NR 100-281832 alias of John Black, true name Hans J. [unclear]
Born 1-17-21 Berlin, Germany

MF 65-59181

NR 31-10264 60 yrs in 1924

60
Correlation - cont.

NR 31-30960 55 years in 1930; Iowa

NR 47-6423 true name William Earle Towne

NR 25-379437 Negro, born 7-19-30 at
Pine Bluff, Arkansas

NI 100-385144-2 '33 Woodward, Ala.

~~J 65-57449-790 encl p1 DESTROY~~

~~J 100-177884-64 DESTROY~~

~~J 65-57256-51 DESTROY~~

NR NR "Black Tom" a white man who had
88-99-55, 56 bootlegging place in Lima, Ohio in 1936

67
Correlation - cont'd.

NR 31-49511-X 37-7 Holland St, Rochester, N.Y.

NR 56-639-424 '47-12-19 Campbell St, Kansas City, Mo.

NR 7-1820-22011 1937-2110 W. Bond St, Spokane, Wash.

NR 83-855-3

✓ I ~~65-59449-798 X pgs 2, 3, 4, 5, 21, 24, 27 DESTROY~~

✓ I ~~65-59449-774 DESTROY~~

✓ I ~~65-59251-95 DESTROY~~

✓ I ~~65-59234-30 DESTROY~~

62
Correlation - cont'd.

✓ ~~I 100-365040-103 p. 25, 29, 30, 31~~ DESTROY

R 65-9180-32-X43

✓ ~~I 65-59402-1~~ DESTROY

R 100-36588-11 46-- In C10 in Minnesota

✓ ~~I 65-59256-41~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 100-365040-473 p. 15, 17, 21, 38, 39, 40, 41~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 65-59449-392 p. 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 11, 12, 14, 16, 23, 24~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 100-370699-4479~~ DESTROY

Correlation - Cont'd.

✓ 55-57445-445 DESTROY
not recorded mail filed above 65-59151-51

✓ I 100-565040-82 DESTROY

✓ I 100-565040-226 enc p 25, 26, 35, 47, 56 DESTROY

✓ I 65-59173-7 DESTROY

✓ I Sample's Office - June mail
65-59256-68 enc p 19

✓ I 65-59231-44 DESTROY

✓ I The Evening Bulletin Philadelphia
65-59447-A ca. 12-7-50 DESTROY

✓ I 65-59234-63 DESTROY

64
Correlation - cont'd.

✓ ~~65-59234-64~~ DESTROY

✓ I ~~65-570110-143 of 37-58~~ DESTROY

NR 65-34726-2

NR 65-34726-12

NR 65-0-4500

✓ ~~65-57578-20 serials of 3, 16, 27, 29, 36, 37, 38, 144, 145, 152~~ DESTROY

NR 77-26830-242 - Representative of Senator Hill of Alabama

NR 65-34726-16

65
Correlation - cont'd.

NR 65-34726-16

NR 100-9805-13

NR 98-2366-104

NR 62-1199-262 "Black Tom" explosion

NR 65-1138-81

NR 65-9888-6 Alias of Tom Wilby per ONI records of 10-21-18

J ~~100-171884-86~~ DESTROY

NR 65-34726-27

Correlation - cont.

✓ I	65-57447-945 DESTROY
✓	65-57480-7 DESTROY
✓ I	65-57447-5 71 p 44, 45, 70 DESTROY
NR	54-580-119
✓	100-365000-206 (24, 55, 63) SI 100-365000-179 p 15, 25, 26, 47, 48 DESTROY
NR	65-94726-15
NR	98-8206-22
✓	65-57191-155 p 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 15, 16 DESTROY

67
Correlation - Cent

NR 62-60411-4

67c

NR 91-1419-641 Alias of George Blair in North Dakota Penitentiary

NR 100-16489-1 '41 Unemployed veteran in Elbow, Kansas

NR 65-30781-1

NR 65-26301-132

NR 65-9180-32-X50

NR 65-1522-9

67c

NR 91-1419-648 Alias of George Blair in North Dakota Penitentiary

68
Correlation - Cont'd.

NR 98-0-432

✓ ~~65-665025-14 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~65-59256-22 p 6, 7, 8, 10, 14, 16, 17, 20, 21, 22 DESTROY~~

NR 65-5946-7018

NR 62-249-3

NR ~~65-8534-1~~
~~62-4759-1~~

NR 62-7574-1

NR 66-2120-530

69
Correlation - con. D.

NR 62-21551-16, 19

NR 47-9130-3

NR 65-8407-6

NR 61-7606-62

NR 65-8554-3

NR 65-12170-1

NR 66-2362-1038

NR 39-534 Sweet Grass, Montana 1931

Correlation - Cont'd

R. 62-1199

Re: fires and explosions at the
Lehigh Valley Railroad Terminal,
Black Tom, Jersey City, New Jersey
on July 29-30, 1916

R 61-817-94

R 61-818-561

R 61-1175-1

R 61-3622-1

R 100-86590-39-8 '50 SWP member in Pittsburgh, Pa.

✓ 100-370674-44 (17, 62)

~~100-370674-44~~

DESTROY

✓ I 100-342424-7 Summary & photo

Do not destroy

R 121-2264-47

Burned down

10/16/54

Black Thru Lissing

3914

MF 65-59181

✓ I 100-342424-7 photograph & summary to not destroy

✓ Lempert's office
65-58068-397 incl. p. #10 Summary

✓ ~~66-6200-57-260 incl. p. #79 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~65-39181-183 pp. 137-138 65-59395-74 (10)
65-100-392 992-29 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~66-59191-82 DESTROY~~

✓ ~~65-100-392929-900 DESTROY~~

Black, Homer Lissing

✓ ~~165-5959243~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~166-09-1266~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-55434-220~~ DESTROY

M ✓ ~~165-59593-18~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~165-58236-1171~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-299909-191~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~100-365040-268~~ DESTROY

Black, Jasso Lessing

MF 62-59181

MF 65-61897-93 #12 DESTROY

MF 65-61897-93 #16 DESTROY

MF 65-61897-93 #81 DESTROY

MF 65-61897-93 #82 DESTROY

MF 65-61897-93 #83 DESTROY

MF 65-61897-93 #84 DESTROY

MF 65-61897-93 #85 DESTROY

MF 65-61897-93 #86 DESTROY

MF 65-61897-93 #87 DESTROY

Black, Jasser Lassing

✓ I 100-342424-7 summary & photo

Do not destroy

✓ ~~I 65-57226-22~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~I 65-57913-715~~ #17 DESTROY

" " " " #18 DESTROY

" " " " #19 DESTROY

" " " " #20 DESTROY

" " " " #21 DESTROY

" " " " #22 DESTROY

" " " " #23 DESTROY

" " " " #24 DESTROY

" " " " #25 DESTROY

Black, Jess Lessing

Page 74
65-57913-765 #24
J. 30

✓ ~~65-59254-50~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59340-8~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59256-5~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59251-82~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59234-81~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-57911-575~~ DESTROY

Black, Jass Lising

✓ ~~65-59256-2~~ DESTROY

✓ ~~65-59258-20 sub. 1, 10, 21, 29, 36, 37, 38, 144, 145, 1~~ DESTROY

" " " J-14

" " " J-17

" " " J-19

" " " J-21

" " " J-23

" " " J-25

" " " J-27

" " " J-29

" " " J-31

Black, Jasso Learing

~~✓ 65-57947-614 DESTROY~~

~~✓ 65-59254-87 (16, 15)
51 65-59256-4 DESTROY~~

Black, Jasso L.

MF 65-59181

Black, Jasso

MF 65-59181

~~✓ 65-59234-9 DESTROY~~

Black, Leslie

I 100-342424-7 summary + photo Do not destroy

Black, Leslie

MF 65-59181

~~I 65-59341-2 DESTROY~~

FILE DESCRIPTION

BUREAU FILE

SUBJECT Thomas L. Black

FILE NO. 65-59181

SECTION NO. ~~13~~

SERIALS 421

EDF

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[illegible]

65-59181-421

(6) ENCLOSURES: TO THE BUREAU:

RE: THOMAS L. BLACK, WAS.
ESPIONAGE - R
OO: NK

NK file (65-4074)
Bufile: (65-59181)

One photostat of six articles written by
subject and EUGENE LYONS, which appeared
"New York Mirror" from 6/10/56 thru
6/15/56.

'I WAS A RED SPY!'

'36 Purge Trial Shakes His Faith, But Trainee Finds It's Too Late

How a Soviet spymaster trains his American dupe—with threats and promises, tips on the tricks of the trade—is detailed here in the fourth of a series of articles by Thomas L. Black, who served the Reds for a dozen years. Was it their plan to make him the star in the murder of Trotsky? He tells how he fell into this sinister assignment.

BY **THOMAS L. BLACK** with **EUGENE LYONS**

For about two years—until May, 1936, when the first of the blood-purge trials in Moscow gave my life a new twist—I was the object of a sort of slow-motion training course in the tricks of the espionage trade as perfected by the Soviets.

Never before, I am sure, had there been such a fantastic "trade school." One professor, one pupil. On the sidewalks of New York, a "classroom" and "lessons" conducted while walking. Pedestrians and ordinary men, attrolling along, engaged in earnest conversation. But the conversation was not of microfilming, stolen secrets, the science of meeting new contacts. The course would require a few textbooks. Here, I can only give a few random samplings. Once, I remarked about the dangers of being caught. "You're revolutionary, even if you're not," he said. "Only those who violate instructions are caught. Remember that."

THE RENDEZVOUS or "secret meeting" was not a course. Basic to the course. The precise day, time and place are set in advance. One day, the week, I might be told to meet at 6:47 a.m. front of the Public Library. This did not mean next Thursday, but the Thursday following a phone call by the superior agent.

The call might not come through for a month or a year, and when it did, the prearranged time and place still held good. The caller, naturally, talked of trivial things like your health. He might even ask you to meet together on Saturday—but it still meant next Thursday.



Normally, when two agents met, a third, unknown to both of them, was "accidentally" around. By means of some simple action, such as dropping a newspaper into a trash can, he warned of danger. (Illustration by Don Briel)

When the agents ordered to get together are strangers to one another, the procedures are more complicated. They must go about their duties like ordinary people doing ordinary things. A file of a certain color, a current magazine hidden in the right arm, might be the last identification.

LEADS: FBI Methods

THE SECOND STEP might be an innocent question—like "What time is it please?"—and an equally innocent answer, like "Sorry, I don't have a watch." The technique amounted to a series of simple, inconspicuous acts. In a respect, a sequence of rule-pout or a senseless chance of coincidence.

Usually, when two agents met, it was unknown to both. They would meet accidentally, usually by means of some simple action, such as dropping a newspaper into a trash can or holding his horn a certain color. They were in a car, he warned for danger. I was taught to detect surveillance and shadows, and how to elude them. That Paul had an intimate knowledge of FBI methods was evident in the counter-surveillance explained to me. The typical FBI observer, I recall his saying, was a well-dressed young man, reading a newspaper in a parked car.

MY LONG-STANDING interest in photography gave us common ground for interesting sessions of surveillance and even more important, the swift spotting of such things as the first sign of a shadow or the first duplication of keys with the help of soft light. I could get a perfect impression in my pocket or in

the palm of my hand in 10 seconds.

I feel certain to this day that I was being prepared for a vital espionage post. Paul, a subordinate of the great Ovakimian, would hardly have invested some 50 meetings without a good reason.

The other half of my training, to which Paul brought no less zeal, was political. Patiently, he expounded the party line of the moment, analyzing events in Moscow and elsewhere. The picture he drew was of ruthless fascists, Nazis and capitalists plotting to destroy the Soviet Union. The moral was that we must be no less ruthless in our work for the cause.

First Nagging Doubts

THE TRUTH IS the temperature of my communism was falling slowly that I was scarcely conscious of it. In defiance of orders, I had read a few anti-Soviet books and I could not avoid a growing awareness of slave labor and other horrors of the workers' paradise.

I suspect now that Paul detected tremors of doubt in me even before I was myself aware of them. Certainly, as time went on, the overtones of threats in his attitude became louder, less subtle. They were never expressed, yet always there in hints and looks. It might be a casual reference to the fate of deserters, deserved or a chuckling allusion to what happened to someone who "sold out to the enemy."

Once I allowed myself to joking remark that "this business hasn't much of a future." In the same kidding vein Paul cracked, "If you don't follow

instructions, you won't have any future to worry about." The hint stuck to my mind like a burr.

My faith in Stalinism—what was happening in Russia—as distinct from communism. In theory, was ebbing. With every month it was harder to battle down the inner turmoil of doubts and objections. This soul-searching came to a head with the shocking news of the first big purge trial in May 1936. I simply could not swallow the story that so many of my Soviet heroes had been soundly assassinated by agents of fascist countries.

FOR THE FIRST TIME I then stood up to Paul. The bizarre charges against the Founding Fathers, he said, were undermining the revolution. We had a long and heated session, at the cost of a lot of shoe leather. For once, I did not pretend to be convinced. If such things continue, I said, they might make me a Trotskyist. Paul blew his top. I had committed the great sin of invoking the name of the official devil. We parted on such bad terms that I thought this was the end of the line.

When the familiar call for a rendezvous did not come through for a month, then a second and a third, I was filled with a glow of joy. A great weight seemed to lift from my spirits.

THEN THE CALL CAME, and once more I was pounding the pavements at Paul's side. Considering our last parting, he was strangely friendly. He got down to business quickly. What remark about becoming a Trotskyist he

Continued on Page 22

said, packed a good idea. The fact that was my immediate assignment was to join the Trotskyist movement.

"You mean to report on the American Trotskyists?"

"No, no, we don't care about those dogs," Paul replied.

"Don't ask questions — you'll get your instructions when we're ready. Meanwhile, your job is to ingratiate yourself with the Trotskyist leaders here so that they value and trust you."

The tone of his voice left no room for argument. In short order, therefore, I enrolled in the Trotskyist wing of the Socialist Party, and then when this wing decided to form the Socialist Workers Party headed by James Cannon, I was among the leaders.

Why had I been ordered to infiltrate the Trotskyist movement? At this point I had not the slightest inkling.

A secret Communist worker in the Trotskyist camp, Black tells how he dodged a sinister, perhaps murderous, assignment in the fifth article of the series. Read it in tomorrow's edition.

'I WAS A RED SPY!'

Novice Meets His 'Trainer,' Walks Into Sinister Web of Espionage

Behind the affable mask of a minor purchasing agent was the ruthless, crafty master of a Soviet spy net, to whom technological espionage and murder were alike parts of a daily job. How he drew an ingenious American into betraying his country for the Reds. In the third article of a series confessing Thomas L. Black's dozen years in Communist service.

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By THOMAS L. BLACK with EUGENE LYONS
 Galk Ovakimlan, generalissimo of Stalin's spies in America, phoned me several weeks after our initial acquaintance and we dined at a good restaurant in the Times Square.



Our meetings were now carefully prearranged, timed to the minute and surrounded with elaborate precautions.

We made small talk in a cordial, chatty spirit. I took it for granted he was sizing me up, that the business could not be rushed.

At a second dinner meeting he took me, as it were, into his confidence. He hesitated to recommend me to Moscow, but until he was sure I could contribute to Soviet technology. So why didn't I, by way of a test, make reports on some aspects of American industrial chemistry?

The suggestion seemed entirely reasonable. At the next meeting, while taking a friendly walk, I handed him several reports. I was proud of them, having dug up a lot of published information and added data available in my plant on planning procedures which might not be known in Russia. He wanted more and I came through.

NOT ESPECIALLY valuable, he told me sadly later. We are already receiving this type of information from other sources.

Still, he thought, the reports were competently drawn. Unfortunately he was too busy to pursue the matter and must turn the negotiations over to a colleague whom I could trust implicitly. Just then, sure enough, the "colleague" appeared and Ovakimlan left us abruptly. I never saw him again.

Drift to Espionage

The newcomer, my second and most durable "contact," introduced himself as Paul Peterson. Later, the surname was tacitly dropped. He was simply Paul—one of the short code names favored by Soviet espionage.

Harry Gold in due time testified he had known this agent as Paul Smith, and that, similarly, the Smith part was quickly dropped.

rotten. Though Paul indicated he was in the U. S. on a Danish passport, I judged from his accent and manner that he was a Bavarian German.

PAUL AND I thereafter met frequently. For a while I still broached my wish to go to Soviet Russia, but in time this was pushed aside. The real question, he convinced me, was how and where I could be of most value to that country. There was work of the highest importance to be done right here—the kind of work Ovakimian and he were doing.

Beyond that, he didn't specify. Subtly, with a skill that amazes me when I think back to that time, he put our relations on a conspiratorial basis, in which prying questions were ruled out. Our meetings were now carefully prearranged, timed to the minute and surrounded with elaborate precautions.

I began to understand that what was involved was espionage of some sort. Before long this was a definite conviction, though it was never mentioned in so many words. Why did I go along? Part of the answer was inertia. I had allowed myself to drift into the relationship. For the rest, could at that time see no moral wrong in espionage. To a Communist, anything that supports

this cause seems not merely permissible but a matter of duty and honor.

PAUL TERTY WAS PAUL'S long suit. He assured me that I had the intelligence and personality to take over his own responsibilities. After all, a native American rather than a foreigner should be doing his job. Why come to think of it, couldn't I succeed him when he returned home? All I needed was training—yes, a lot of arduous training—and he intended to give it to me.

As a starter, I must stop reading Communist publications, stop seeing Communists, and refrain from political discussion. Any Red literature I had at home must be immediately destroyed—not by burning, which might attract notice, but by tearing into pieces and flushing down the toilet. A breach of these orders would be regarded as gross disloyalty.

At one time, probably near the end of 1934, Paul asked whether I knew any other friend of the Soviet Union who would like to go there. "Yes," I said, "another chemist, a fellow by the name of Harry Gold." We arranged that I bring him to the next rendezvous if possible.

Two-Year Training

GOLD WHEN I PROPOSED the idea readily consented. Paul met us at an agreed spot near Pennsylvania Station and motioned me to leave them alone, which I did. What transpired at that meeting I could not know. Though we were both ordered never to see one another again, Gold and I continued to meet at long intervals. But the weight of our involvement was like a muzzle on both of us, so that we avoided mention of Paul and his schemes.

I met Paul continually, sometimes weekly, other times with long breaks in the years that followed. The assumption that I was slated to succeed him in his "important" but still undefined post became the foundation stone of our relationship. Our every meeting became a lesson in the course of a training that went on for about two years.

A fantastic "trade school" in the tricks of the espionage trade was operated by the Red apparatus in America, as described in the fourth article of this series. In Wednesday's

MIRROR.

'I WAS A RED SPY!'

'Comrade Jones,' in an Attempt To Get to Russia, Meets Boss Spy

Disguided to begin with then carefully nurtured by Red masters, an ordinary American emerges as "Comrade Jones," ready to help the Communists in all their aims and trained to ask no questions. His first fatal step over the line from party hackwork to the secret net of the Soviet spymaster is detailed here by Thomas L. Black, who served the Reds for a dozen years before the bitter awakening. This is the second of a series of articles on his experience.

By THOMAS L. BLACK with EUGENE LYONS

(Copyright 1954 N. Y. Mirror)

My first meeting of a party "neighborhood unit" was neither an anticlimax. It didn't match my romantic notions of the revolution in action. The 15 or 20 men and women in the shabby room were working people with whom I did not feel entirely at ease, and the evening's business concerned petty matters like finances and subscriptions to the Daily Worker. But I emerged from the session as "Comrade Jones," the first of several aliases inscribed in my files book. I selected the name myself—almost the only act of free choice allowed by party discipline.

Comrade Brandt, a former merchant sailor, evidently was well briefed about me. He was sympathetic with regard to my political backwardness and gave a lot of time to curing it. Part of his method was to test my devotion by loading me down with routine and often disagreeable housework like distributing "party literature" and ringing doorbells.

ONCE, FOR INSTANCE, he assigned another comrade and me to visit a list of Italian residents in the area under the pretext of collecting signatures on a Communist nominating petition. Our task was to engage the Italians in political argument and show them the error of their ways. I made no converts and collected plenty of abuse, including threats of a beating if we didn't

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#86
R. C. Hilary

At a "Strike" meeting of the "Friends of the Fruit Union" I now discovered the "bait" (the strings) and I was now one of their "dedicated company". Perhaps "Benedict" managed to steer the activities of some 250 members without their quite knowing it. The pattern held true in the other Red fronts to which I was attached. Suddenly I was neck-deep in activities: meetings, assignments, indoctrination, sessions with "brand" money raising parties, lectures by the very memory of "Benedict" for a free evening. I suddenly began to fade out. The days at first at least, a "brand" indoctrination. In this "brand" front of activity, in the company of other "dedicated" individuals.

Gold's Teaching Post

IN A YEAR I was apparently considered "proletarian" enough to leave Brandt's "supervision". One of the party "bosses" a member of the national central committee, himself transferred me to transfer to a party front in Jersey City. I was a "bait" of intellectuals. He told me: "You can help them just as Comrade Gold helped you." I was promoted to me a promotion. I was no longer a newsboy, nor a "bait" collector. My unit comprised several dentists, a "brand" collector, pianist, several others. A few of them seemed to be "bait". It was all about "bait" and "bait" was all about "bait". I was enthusiastic, keyed up to leave the world.

IN NEW JERSEY at the Holbrook plant, New York workers did not know I was a Communist. I had gotten the knack of talking "bait" without ever using the word. In the Spring of 1933, in the depth of the depression, I was offered a better-paying job in Harrison, N. Y. Someone suggested that I recommend a young man to be employed and in place of me to take my place. I told him: "How, Harry, Col-

into my life and vice versa. He came to see me. I introduced him to the plant manager, and he was hired. Gold was pathetically grateful. Actually, he held the job only briefly, returning soon to his previous job with a Philadelphia sugar company. We met from time to time. At this point he called himself merely a Socialist, though he was sympathetic to the "great experiment" in Soviet Russia.

MY NEW WORK involved moving to Newark and a transfer to a Newark unit of the party. By



THOMAS L. BLACK



We made no convert, and collected plenty of abuse, including threats of a beating if we did not "scream".

(Illustrated by Don Survo)

the time, however, I was becoming more and more bored with the party treadmill. It all seemed so tame and futile compared with what was happening over there in the "workers' fatherland." As a chemist, it occurred to me I should be in Russia doing my bit for the Five Year Plan.

The idea of going to the Soviet Union began to obsess my mind. I talked about it to Harry Gold, among others. Finally, I went to see Comrade Rebecca Grecht, sure that she would help me.

Longs to Visit Soviet

To my surprise, she treated my proposal as if it were a desertion. Our Soviet comrades, she primed, don't need American Communists; they have plenty of their own. If my yen for foreign adventure was that strong, I could

be assigned to fighting fronts in Europe or Asia. But my duty was here at home. I left her depressed but not convinced.

VAGUELY I FELT my chances of getting to Russia would be better if I cut loose from the party. So I simply stopped attending meetings. No one, strangely, came to inquire about my disappearance. Possibly the party was used to sudden exits.

My party membership had taken more than two years out of my life. I had to become accustomed again to being master of my own time. I did not cease to be a Communist—one does not cast off a deep political faith overnight.

But the focus of my allegiance

Continued on Page 13

is now Soviet Russia where the Red press put it as bright new world was in construction.

IN NOVEMBER of 1933, about six months after dropping out of the party, I applied for a Soviet job through regular channels. At the Amtorg Trading Corp. on Fifth Ave. I told the receptionist my problem. "Soon," a stocky, dark complexioned man, came out. He was immaculately dressed, soft spoken and affable. I asked whether they could use a first-class chemist and a good Communist in the Soviet Union. He smiled understandingly. "We must discuss it at leisure," he said. "How about dinner, some time?" "That would phone me."

My name, he said, was Ovakimian, and I'm purchasing representative of a Soviet chemical trust.

Meets Spymaster

NOT UNTIL YEARS LATER did I realize that I had met one of the top Soviet spymasters, the Chief Resident Agent of Soviet Intelligence in America. Among the teaming agents under his command were Julius Rosenberg and the notorious Jacob Golos, under whose direction Elizabeth Bentley worked. He also took part, according to ample evidence, in the preparations for Trotsky's murder.

From 1932 to 1941 Ovakimian was a boss spy over a whole galaxy of apparatuses. In May, 1941, he was arrested. But he was never brought to trial.

The State Department allowed him to depart in exchange for a promise by Moscow to release six American citizens being held in the USSR. A good deal only Moscow didn't keep its promise.

But of all this, of course, I knew nothing. To me he was an attractive Amtorg official, not unfriendly to my plan. I left him feeling happy. That was how casually I met my first espionage contact and embraced my tragic destiny.

The spy contact who fully makes a conspirator of Black is described in the third article of this series, in Tuesday's MIRROR.

'I WAS A RED SPY!'

First Step Taken on Road Leading To Lifetime of Agonized Remorse

By THOMAS J. BLACK with EUGENE LYONS

For a dozen years—until the blessed day in 1950 when I made a clean breast of it to the FBI—I was tangled in the hell of Soviet spying in the United States.

I took orders meekly from a succession of mysterious foreign agents, whom I knew only under code names like Paul or Jack. Though they were familiar with the most intimate details of my life, I was never allowed to know anything about them. What is more, I could only guess at the real purposes of the assignments and the intensive training they gave me.

At first I served them willingly, even with a sense of pride in being part of something big, omnipotent and noble. Then, as my doubts about the Soviet paradise gradually turned to disillusion and hatred of communism, I felt myself trapped, held fast by sheer animal fear.

Not until in those years did the sinister word "espionage" come into use. We talked instead about "working for the cause" or "helping the Soviet Union." Such phrases had a hypnotic effect on the true Communist believer. After I ceased to believe, however, they became bitter ashes on my tongue. I suffered the humiliation

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a helpless puppet and the agonies of remorse which will be my lot for the rest of my life. My only consolation today is that through circumstances which I shall recount, I gave little if any tangible help to the apymasters who manipulated me. Thus I did little if any tangible harm to my own country.

The only important contribution I made to Soviet espionage, I suppose, was that I pulled Harry Gold into the net — the same atomic spy case involving Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. But even after all, was a very minor part in a vast machine.

Misdirected Idealism

ALL THE SAME, I consider it my duty to tell the whole story as accurately as I can after the passage of so much time to my fellow Americans. My hope is that it may help them comprehend the scope and menace of the Red conspiracy in our midst. How does a native American like myself, with a middle-class background and a good education, become fouled up in Red spy operations?

The answer is not easy. It involves so many elements that it cannot readily be made convincing to people who have not been brought in. The main ingredient, certainly in my own case, was misdirected idealism. But it was mixed up with a lust for money, up to a point, and a misapprehension with an itch to bolster my ego by playing a bigger part in the world.

UNTIL NEVER MY MOTIVES were not one of them. On the contrary, out of my modest salary as a chemist, I contributed money to the cause. Personally, I knew of only one instance where a native American worked in Soviet espionage, just off the top of my head — and this superior did not just claim. As one of them explained to me, a mercenary will crack too easily on sell out to the enemy for a higher price.

Normal Childhood

I was primarily by their heart, that confused American, are pulled into the quagmire of Red treason.

But let me reconstruct my unhappy career from the beginning.

I WAS BORN in Bloomsburg, Pa., on July 5, 1907, of British stock with a dash of Pennsylvania Dutch through a grand-mother. My father was a teacher, a fine scholarly man, proud of his all-American background. Because my mother died when I was four, he raised me with the aid of a string of housekeepers.



At the time the woman actually smiled. Well, comrade, we've decided to take you in, the man announced.

Illustration by Doy Sherwood

Until he remarried ten years later. My childhood and young manhood were normal, almost typical. I attended the local high school, then specialized in chemistry at college. If I differed from most small town boys, it was in my love of serious reading in economics, sociology, philosophy. At an early age I was familiar with the writings of Marx, Engels and Lenin, as well as crusaders like Henry George. I began to earn my own living in 1929, when I was 22. My first job was at a plant near Linden, N. J. About a year later I moved to a better job with the Holbrook Manufacturing Co. in Jersey City. The firm made industrial soaps. In though my wages were modest, I was pleased to be on my own in a small but pleasant apartment.

THE DEPRESSION did not affect me directly. Yet the awareness of distress and despair could not be avoided. I began reading the Communist press, especially the more serious, theoretical

journals. I joined the Friends of the Soviet Union in New York and then literary outlets like the John Reed Club and Pen and Hammer. Incredible as it now seems, I was too naive to recognize them as Communist fronts. Who recruited me into the Communist Party? That question comes up repeatedly. The truthful answer is that I recruited myself.

A series of articles in a party line magazine clinched the decision that had been shaping up in my mind. The articles flashed out at intellectuals who stood aside from the great struggle for a better world and urged them to join the Communist vanguard of humanity. I took the bait.

One weekend in early 1931, I betook me to the national headquarters of the party on E. 13th St., N. Y. The woman who talked to me hardly concealed her astonishment when I said I wished to join up. Her eyes narrowed in suspicion. She took down my name, address and place of birth.

Continued on Page 20

Long Investigation

DID SEVERAL months later in the meantime as I later realized I was being carefully investigated. On a Saturday afternoon a girl of about my own age came up to my apartment and introduced herself as a Communist. As a sample of Red femininity she was far from enacting. Austerity was then the line. Cosmetics and attractive clothes were taboo. My caller didn't approve of me either. After a long discussion she informed me that I lacked understanding of the movement and was crawling with petit-bourgeois prejudices. But again, maybe I would hear from them by postcard this time.

A couple of months passed. Then the card arrived instructing me to appear at headquarters. This time the woman actually smiled. "Well, Comrade, we've decided to take you in," she announced.

I was assigned to District 2, Section 2, Unit 2-B, on the lower East Side of Manhattan. There she explained I would have the best chance of being properly proletarianized. The unit organizer, Comrade Brandt, was picking me and would take me in hand.

How Could It Happen?

What could turn an ordinary American youth with a typical



small town background in to a Soviet spy? In the vast sinister apparatus that sought to pervert our youth, artists and intellectuals off our secrets? For 12 long years

Thomas Black served as a Red master spy. He served in the FBI, in a series of articles of which this is the first the tale of the thing which drew him in—and the nightmare reality that held him.

'I WAS A RED SPY!'

Tom Barely Escapes Involvement In the Trotsky Death Plot

Red pull strings—and the murderous web tightens around a sick old man—the Communist search for Trotsky in Mexico. Was a gullible American chemist slated to witness the fall as? How he struggled out of the assignment is disclosed here by Thomas Black, a former member of the Soviet spy net. In the fifth of a series of articles.

BY THOMAS BLACK

BY THOMAS L. BLACK WITH EUGENE LYONS

I was in the Trotskyist camp as a "sleeper," to be yanked into action by my Soviet master when they wished. The strings were not pulled for more than two years, even while my original orders stood to ingratiate myself with Trotsky's most important American friends.

Except for a sinking sense of guilt over my double role, the assignment was really to my taste. I had in fact come close to the Trotskyist viewpoint in my thinking. Now, by mixing with his disciples and reading their literature, I easily identified myself with their movement.

When I came to lambasting Stalin and his crimes in true Trotskyist style, I could put my whole heart into it. The continuing course of the big purges, turning the Soviet dream into an obscene nightmare, made that easy and heart warming.

My meetings with Paul tapered off as evidently he was seeing me just often enough to make sure the strings were still firmly attached. Somewhere along the line without a fond farewell, he vanished and I was never to see him again. The agent who took his place was "George"—whom I now know to have been another major employe named Semion Semionov. Harry Gold also worked under Semionov about the same time.

I was able to report truthfully to Paul and then to his successor that I was making friends in the anti-Stalin party. One obvious way to ingratiate myself was by donating generously to Trotskyist papers and funds. My spy chiefs considered this a legitimate expense and gladly gave me small sums to which I added more, but of my own pocket. I took a certain ironic pleasure in using Soviet money to help finance Trotskyism.

Enter Dr. Schwartz

While in 1938 I suffered a serious accident in my plant and lay in a hospital for 20 weeks. I still carry the scars on my arm. But the uglier scars are on my conscience. For it was at the hospital when I had been there about 10 weeks that Red baiting reached out for me.



One day a mysterious Dr. Schwartz came to my hospital room. From the way he read the bed chart and examined my burns, it was clear that he was really a physician. Yet I knew at once that he was a Soviet agent come to look me over.

Illustration by Don Sherwood

One day, a mysterious "Dr. Schwartz" came to my hospital room. From the way he read the chart and examined my burns, it was clear he was really a physician. No word passed to suggest that it was anything but a medical call. Yet I knew at once he was a Soviet agent, come to look me over.

Some time after my return to work, I was called to the prearranged rendezvous. I expected Semenov, but found instead my hospital visitor. The "contact" called himself Robert or some such name. More than a decade later, when cooperating with the FBI, I identified Robert from photographs. I then learned he was called Dr. Gregory Rabinovich, with a string of punitive murders in Europe to his credit. He was in the U.S. ostensibly as a representative of the Soviet Red Cross.

IN HIS RECENT BOOK, "Soviet Espionage," Dr. David Dalton reveals that this Russian doctor had been sent to the U.S. at the height of the purge with the assignment of investigating Trotsky and organizing the assassination of Leon Trotsky. Louis Budenz, in his testimony after talking with the party, also had

Dr. Rabinovich into the Mexican murder plans.

To me Robert was just another of the faceless, nameless men whose orders I must obey or else. After a few exploratory meetings, he got down to brass tacks. This was to be the payoff on my long cultivation of friendships in the Trotskyist movement.

Tom, he announced, "the time has come for action. You're to quit your job immediately and proceed to Coyacan near Mexico City. Your Trotskyist friends should be able to help you enter Trotsky's household. We have people there already who will help if necessary."

A chill went down my spine. So that was what I was being reserved for—to join the Communist vultures hovering around the exiled leader in Coyacan. Why must I go there? I ventured, it's not easy on such short notice.

That's no concern of yours. You'll get contacted and told what you need to know when the time comes. Use your Trotskyist connections for plain assistance. We'll do the rest.

I PROTESTED that I must think it over. I'll do the thinking, Robert snarled. This was an order, and the penalty for disobedience would be drastic. We agreed to meet within a week, when I would presumably have completed preparations. I racked my brains for a plausible alibi for not going. Fortunately, I found one ready-made. I was waiting to be called before the Workmen's Compensation Board in connection with the substantial claims on my accident. My sudden resignation from a good job coupled with failure to show up before the board, I argued, would be reckless conduct. It was sure to arouse suspicion, especially among fellow workers who might already suspect my political views.

Robert was angry and un-

derstood. He was just another of the faceless, nameless men whose orders I must obey or else. After a few exploratory meetings, he got down to brass tacks. This was to be the payoff on my long cultivation of friendships in the Trotskyist movement.

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"I WAS A RED SPY!"
**The Nightmare Years Finally End,
Tom Reveals Self to the FBI**

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The nightmare tightens its hold—no more pretense of idealistic service, but only fear of sudden death keeps a deeply endangered American in the service of the Red spy network here. Thomas L. Black, a Soviet puppet for 12 years, tells of his disillusionment with the "workers' paradise" and how he was freed at last—in the final article of a series.

By THOMAS BLACK with EUGENE LYONS

My spy superior of the final period, Jack, was not as demanding as Paul had been. But he did give me more assignments than I had received in the past. They were trivial chores, but presumably essential.

On one occasion, for instance, I delivered a letter to someone in Philadelphia, which necessitated the use of those elaborate techniques for recognizing strangers. Another time I had also reminded me of the very beginnings of my servitude.

By suddenly demanding that I supply him with technical information in my field—on any subject I thought useful for Soviet Russia—I decided to concoct reports which would not contain a single line of secret data, and which would give me some satisfaction in sabotaging the tormentors.

METHOD WAS to search for things in technical publications and news items, and then to make up a carbon copy of one such document. It was a depressive reading and I expected complaints, but any chemist could have dug up documents in the library.

My routine of supply spaced meetings came to an end early in 1945. Then, for about three days, I was a free man again. I had a sense of freedom, not a sense of panic. I felt I had been too many years in the hands of the Red, and I wanted to be let off the hook.

In addition to the Trotsky murder, I had been the mystery of the room of Walter Krivitsky, a Jewish Soviet Intelligence agent who had defected. In January, 1943, Carlo Tresca, a famous Italian syndicalist and labor leader, was shot in broad daylight on a New York street. I was aware of this—Julia Stuart Poyntz, in the U.S. Navy, and Ignatz Weiss, in Switzerland, who had been my contacts.

THE TERROR IN my heart was real and deep. I want to emphasize this, though it reflects little on me. The urge to go to the authorities and tell all I knew far from my mind came out of sudden death. I was out over good intentions.

A conversation with Jack in the last meetings soon after the Tresca murder, I remember, was on my nerves. I remember that Tresca's friends were visiting the Communists.

Far from denying the allegation, my contact grabbed credit for the crime.

Tresca was an enemy of the working class, he said in substance. He was a serious obstacle to the Italian Communist movement. This was not a murder—it was an execution. Tresca received a fair trial.

Did he make it up to frighten me, to suggest that I too might be a fair trial in Moscow? Or was there an element of truth in what he said? If his purpose was to intimidate me, he succeeded in full measure.

SOMETIME AT THE END of 1945 or the beginning of 1946, the phone call I dreaded came through. Jack was still on the job. We met. Merely a check-up after a long separation, his manner suggested. You know how it is, he said. Times change. People change. We want to know whether you've changed. It reassured him, on the score.

This was after the war, when disillusionment with our late Soviet ally had set in. Congress was beginning to ask questions about Red spying. No, doubt Jack was checking on me as part of a larger reconnaissance to determine which of the former agents or sleepers might kick over their traces.

Net Closing on Gold

I heard nothing more for four years—until, after the arrests of Dr. Klaus Fuchs in England and Harry Gold here. In the meantime I had dropped out of the Trotskyist fold, a badder and wiser man. I had come to hate communism for a long time, and all brands.

IN THE MEAN TIME, too, the dramatic revelations about Soviet espionage by Whitaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley, and others, had been making headlines. Naturally, I read every word of the news, afraid that somehow my name would crop up. I wanted only to forget my

past and live at long last a normal life.

Soon after the arrest of Dr. Fuchs, I received an excited phone call from Harry Gold. He insisted, in a frantic voice, that we meet that very evening. Gold was in a distraught condition.

You've read about the arrest of Fuchs, he said, and that the FBI is searching for the American contacts. He paused for a long moment, then, exhaled. Tom, I am in a real fix. I have only two courses. I will go to the FBI and tell them the country's secrets, or I will try to dissuade him on both alternatives. Whether my arguments had any effect, I could not know. I never saw him again. Some time later I read of Gold's arrest. Since I had trusted him, I realize I was a secret authority.

Within days after Gold's arrest, Soviet espionage contacted me again. The last time. The code word set four years before was Watkins. When a Miss Watkins phoned, I recalled the arrangement. I rendezvoused under the marquee of the Translux Theatre, on Broadway, between 6:15 and 7:15 p.m. next Tuesday.

I had no intention of obeying. But the decision was made for me, and the decision was made out of my hands in any case. Several FBI agents called on me that very Tuesday.

They merely questioned me about Gold's activities, of which, of course, I knew little or nothing. I did not talk at once, and the FBI understandably did not press me. But I knew what I must find the courage to come clean, without reservations. So I did.

My reasonable acts were concerned my conscience, not fear—of nearly so called far more (gold) from Stalin's executioners than from my own government. I had made up my mind.

I MADE UP MY MIND, I phoned the FBI and made an appointment at its Philadelphia office. At long last, I had taken the only step that could disengage

me from the Red spy network and still give me reasonable assurance of dying a natural death. To any ex-Communists who may read these words my advice is: Don't walk in to the nearest office of the FBI. You will be treated with understanding and consideration. Just as I was treated. More important, you will be doing your part to help keep America free.

My long ordeal was over. It was a relief to talk openly, fully. I have cooperated with the FBI ever since. Later I repeated my story to a Federal Grand Jury and again, this year, to the Senate Internal Security Committee. Said Sen. Jenner at the conclusion of the hearings:

"I want to commend you and to thank you for your cooperation."

Let not American suppose the disclosures about Soviet espionage have ended its menace. I am convinced it is today more widespread and deeply entrenched than ever before. It must be noted out.

THE END